

The Athenian Mercury:

Tuesday, May 17. 1692.

Quest. 1. **T** Each us, great Athens Sons, from whence
(arise)
The various Jealousies Loves Empire vex,
And show what cure in Art or Nature lies
For these dire poysons which the Mind perplex?

Ans. That Jaundice of the Soul, * that lazy pain
Which scarce we'd wish our Enemies shou'd know,
How can we by meer Theory explain,
Or how the Effects without the Causes shovv?

* Jealousie.

Whom we adore no thought of Sin can seize,
We're of their Virtue, as their Love secure;
The World may slight or envy, which they please,
But still that Flame's immortal that's so pure.

Friendship and Love in all their glorious Train
Ne're yet cou'd boast a happier few than we:
To us your Query then you send in vain,
Go ask the Great and Rich for Jealousie.

Quest. 2. Since Love depends not on our Will,
But is most free and unconfin'd;
How can Inconstancy be ill
When a plain force upon the mind?

Ans. Love is at first at our Command,
Till Fancy does the Judgment bind;
Which if in time we don't withstand,
Enslaves the Body and the Mind.

If a first Love we thus may tame,
A second we may easier rule,
Inconstant then's too mild a Name
For one that's either Knave or Fool.

Quest. 3. What Reasons give the Learned Club,
Why Bacchus striding cross a Tub
Is painted fat, as well fed Oxe,
Or those who lick the Butter-box.
When most Good Fellows, whose large Sups
Rival the Gods Almighty Cups;
Who never baulk a Glass, or spare it,
But are most zealous in their Claret.
Grow meagre, lean, consume away,
As though Wine melted down their Clay,
Till like Candle puff'd by Bellows
They're more like shades than Punchenello's?

Ans. With honest Querist we'll not quarrel
Because he knows not Tub from Barrel:
Bad Eyes, Goodfellows often trouble,
He ne're sees well that still sees double.
But to your Question, if we can, Sir,
'Tis now high time to give an Answer.
Painters you know, who daub a Sign,
Love with their Oyl to mingle Wine;
Whence like their Landlords, er'e they've done
Their Chalk scores double, two for one.
And they the jolly God contrive
As often twice as big's the Life:
If true, or not, you must confess
That this is no unlikely guess:
But grant the Painters Pencil trusty,
And that God Bacchus is more lusty
Than mortal Toppers, at this Season
'Tis easie enough to find the Reason:
That Spark is young, and yet can bear it,
Besides, he always gets good Claret,
Not he who searcht each corner for it:

(Scarce Ceres searcht her Wench so far)
Has better Interest at the Bar:
If there's a drop, he gets good Wine,
And if the Drawer brings it fine,
Can mount him to the Stars, instead
Of Joves own Skinker, Ganimed;
If not, down Stairs he headlong kicks,
And plunges ten mile deep in Styx:
And that's the Cause, the Truth to tell
That makes him look so plump and well,
So like his own fair Hogshead show;
Whilst Militant Drunkards here below,
Who measure out their Time by Glasses,
Yet carry Sun-dials in their Faces;
E're they are in ken of fifty come
Are poison'd with hard Names and Stum:
But if their Iron Nature bear it,
And struggles fore and aft to clear it,
It purges all their Flesh away,
They drip their Tallow in the fray;
Their Candle of its Coat bereft
Nothing but the bare wick is left.



Quest. 4. To you, Minerva's Sons! let me address
My Doubts, for you, if any, sure can tell
Is there, and where a real Happiness;
A Joy that all our Agonies can quell,
A Heav'n to flye to from this mundane Hell?

Ans. Strongly to Happiness our Natures tend,
Nor was that tendency inscrib'd in vain:
This is the white to which all Arrows bend,
This is the hop'd Reward of all our pain,
And this we alone in Virtue and Friendship gain.

2.

How wretched he whom here no Friend will own,
But far more wretched they whom none above;
If that's but once secur'd, our work is done,
Nor need we wish to stay, or to remove,
What's Heav'n but th' height of Virtue, and of Love?

Quest. 5. Since Virtue is allow'd by all to be
The fairest Light in weak Humani'tie:
And since the wile and good do all agree
Unjust Ambitions wretched State
To prosecute with endless hate:
Say why to Beasts the name of Brute we give,
And why must Caesar's Name thus honour'd live?

Ans. One half o'th' World th' ambitious wretch adore;
As Indians do their Devilish Gods, for fear:
The other half in hopes to share his pow'r,
And prey on all their weaker Neighbours near:
The most will still o'th' strongest side appear.
The wise and good are few, scarce known to Fame,
Tho' they wou'd speak, the others will not hear;
Only expos'd to ridicule and shame, (Name.
And in the Crowd of Knaves and Fools they lole their

Quest. 6. What shall I do — whither shall I run
That by a Marriage State am quite undone?
My Freedom lost, there's nought that I can follow,
Nought I can see but approaching Sorrow.
To Sence and Reason I'm sure 'tis so,
For 'tis Money makes the Mare for to go:
And without which no place is to be got,
No Shop to be kept, nor Freedom to be bought.

[Prov.

*Say learn'd Athenians, what course best to take
 In this my need, say for pity's sake!
 Ah quickly, quickly send me some relief
 To assuage my pain, and to mitigate my grief?
 If you answer not these Questions as soon as you can
 I'll certainly send 'em to the Brown-Pate--monian.*

*Ans. To Court to Court Man, as fast as thou canst hie,
 Or else to the Play-house to write Comedy:
 Thou need'st no Farce to make the World grin,
 Repeat thy own Verse, and there's Farce enough therein.
 If this won't do, and thou'lt take no nay,
 The Athenians profess they have no more to say:
 But must clap thee o'th' file with the lost Grumblemonians,
 And prepare for thy fall to the Brown-Pate--monians.*

*Quest. 7. My Muse is dull, and I do want the skill
 To make good Verse, for to declare my Will:
 If my Essay don't fit your Learned Pen,
 Pray tell me how I may endeavour then.*

*Ans. To Proteus once a City-Poet came,
 Who wrote like this, and ask'd the Road to Fame:
 How his strong lines the Actors throats might tear,
 And with loud Claps fill the wide Theater?
 The struggling God when he in vain had try'd
 To break his Bonds in fury, thus reply'd —
 "Wretch! ask no more, Fate ne're intended thee
 "For honourable Rags, and Poetrie.
 "To something warmer thy Ambition raise,
 "These Lines deserve the Fur, tho' not the Bays.*

*Quest. 8. Since when and why the World did Poets grant,
 Those spacious Limits other Writers want?*

*Ans. That boundless space thro' which their Fancies flow
 Unto themselves, and not the World they owe:
 Tho' Law looks sour, and fain their steps wou'd bind,
 Gypsies and Poets scorn to be confin'd.*

*Quest. 9. What is the Reason men are less inclin'd
 To Bashfulness, than are the Women kind?*

*Ans. The Reason sometimes is a thicker Skin,
 But oftner far because more us'd to Sin.*

*Quest. 10. Since Womens Bodies were deriv'd at first
 From Man, why are they now the fairer Dust?*

*Ans. The Cause of this 'tis easie to explore,
 They only are the Gold, and We the Ore.*

*Quest. 11. Venus and Mars with equal pow'r contest
 For the entire possession of my Breast.*

*Honour, the Spur of War, does boldly beat
 A march, her gentler sighs sound a retreat.*

*Be speedy then in answering which way
 I shall Incline, the Case bears no delay.*

Or in plain prose shall I marry or go to the wars?

*Ans. This Case if either Love or Honour clear,
 There is not much of difficulty here:
 On the same side their suffrages they bring,
 Both cry, pluck both Boots off, and take the Ring:
 Your Love's past doubt if you on Wedlock venture,
 The Mouse loves Cheese, or ne're the Trap wou'd enter;
 Then for your Honour, that can ne're miscarry,
 He dares meet any Danger that dares Marry.*

Quest. 12. Like Fire extinguish'd by the Sun

I lost my Eyes with looking on,

And thro' the Ruines she did dart

Soft little Cupids to my Heart.

My Passion grew, and I reveal'd,

She met the Charm, and then we seal'd.

A two years Bondage yet denies

The Consummation of our Joys;

Till when we've privately resign'd

Our Souls, by sacred Hymen join'd.

Say if this Action lawful be,

Or else to our Parents Treachery.

Ans. The Furies brib'd, you cannot fail,

Tho' ill your Cause, you must prevail:

You ev'n might Radamant's appease

With Lines so soft, so sweet as these,

Nay, your much injur'd Parents please.

*Such made your Mistress headlong run,
 And hast like you, to be undone.*

*But if you've all the Truth reveal'd,
 And not deliver'd, tho' you've seal'd,
 You less unfortunate will prove,
 And may be bless'd in spite of Love.*

¶ The Questions concerning Mar. 27. 52, 53: Capability, Gripus, Cleomenes, Boys being Poet in ordinary, Five false quantities, Ungula mareschal, Banbox, shall be all answered next Saturday.

We find our selves censur'd for some false Quantities in 5 Verses in our Paper on Saturday was seven-night, we therefore think fit to tell the World, that our Bookseller has the very Verses that we sent to the Press, (which we shall again take notice of in our next Paper,) and that the Printer thro' a mistake put these in their room, altho' they were dash'd out with a Pen, as may be seen by any Body that has the Curiosity to be satisfy'd.

The Ladies Questions will be answered next Tuesday.

¶ That extraordinary Instance of a Young Lady's being in Love, is inserted in the 12 Numbers that compleat our 6th. Volume, which said 12 Numbers will be publisht next Thursday, containing Answers to the many Ingenious Questions lately sent us.

Advertisements.

For Sale by the Candle on Tuesday the 24 May. 1692. at the old Amsterdam Coffee-house in Bartholomew-lane on the backside of the Royal Exchange, at 2 a Clock in the Afternoon:

104 quarter barrels of new Raisons of the Sun, being about 12 in a Lot, at 15 s. per hundred weight.

12 Barrels and 4 Hhds. Muscovado Sugar in 3 Lots at 26 s. pr C. weight.

1500 Kid skins at 1 d. each, in 3 Lotts.

85 Butts new Sherry-Wine, from 5 l. to 28 l. per Butt.

30 Butts new Cales Tent, from 13 l. to 29 l. per Butt.

7 Butts new Tent, or Alicant, at 28 l. per Butt, being an entire parcel, and none sold out, to be sold one Butt in each Lot.

Printed Bills of the particular Lotts and Prizes, and where the Goods may be seen, are to be had at Charles Coffee-house in French-Court, over against the Angel and Crown Tavern behind the Royal Exchange.

¶ TO morrow Morning will be publisht a Treatise entituled, Gospel Truth stated and vindicated, wherein some of Dr. Crisps Opinions are considered, and the opposite Truths are plainly stated and confirmed. By Daniel Williams.

¶ The Double Descent, a Poem, describing both Invasions. Price 6. d.

¶ I N Grays-Inn-lane in Flow-yard, the third Door, lives Dr. Thomas Kirtens, a Collegiate Physician, and Sworn Physician in Ordinary to King Charles the Second, until his death; who with a Drink and Pill (hindring no Business) undertakes to Cure any Ulcers, Sores, Swellings in the Nose, Face, or other parts; Scabs, Itch, Scurfs, Leprosies, and Venereal Disease, expecting nothing until the Cure be finished: Of the last he hath cured many hundreds in this City, many of them after fluxing, which carries the evil from the Lower Parts to the Head, and so destroys many. The Drink is 3 r. the Quart, the Pill 1 s. a Box, with Directions; a better Purger than which was never given, for they cleanse the Body of all Impurities, which are the causes of Droopies, Gouts, Scurvies, Stone or Gravel, Pains in the Head, and other parts. With another Drink at 1 s. 6 d. a Quart. He cures all Fevers and hot Distempers without Bleeding, except in few Bodies. He gives his Opinion to all that writes or comes for nothing.